

Freddie Foxxx, R.N.S.

[scratches by DJ Premier]

"It's time for this real nigga shit."

"Bumpy Knucks."

☐"Ha, hah-hah"

"Niggaz can't see I.."

"Fr-Fre-Fre, Freddie Foxxx with the twin millis" -> O.C.

☐"Ha, hah-hah"

"Bu-Bu, Buh-Bu, Bu, Bumpy Knucks."

"Niggas can't see I.."

"It's time for this real nigga shit."

[Freddie Foxxx]

When I was small I made pause tapes for "Super Sperm"

Rappin in high school, drinkin forties, smokin sherm

Listen to Cold Crush and Grandmaster Caz spittin

Gettin somethin in that niggaz ain't now gettin; feel me

Remember everybody wanted to be "Peace, God, Divine"

Real niggaz kept they attributes, right through '99

Peace to the god Taheem, watching over me

White chariots and horses, get me over rough courses

While I silence those voices that doubted my ability

to rip, through these young ass niggaz

When I walk into the Lyricist Lounge, lyricists lounge

cause niggaz know that Bumpy Knucks'll tear this mutha down

Cause the rawest most illest shit, make up my sound

That's why I stay gettin money, like them niggaz uptown

I'm in your face - nigga whassup now

Fuck all that peacemakin bullshit

I heard you spit you like to pull shit

That's all bullshit, you keep your nine on some full shit

You say you bust it, that's BULLSHIT!

You know the illest MC that ever did it

The rawest nigga that ever chewed up rhymes and spit it

In the new millenium cities, watch what I do

I'm bout to save hip-hop like Ghost did the Wu

Chorus: Freddie Foxxx (repeat 2X)

For the DJ's, the rappers, the writers, the breakers

The movers, the shakers, the beat, the makers

What's stronger than hip-hop niggaz they can't take us

if we deal with the real, and shut down the fakers

[Freddie Foxxx]

I'm proud to be a black man in my existence, so fuck the Klan

I ain't blinded by your jewels and your million dollar checks

I'm always ready for whatever's next

My road in life ain't easy cause I'm complex

You know the real, nigga turnin these fake hard niggaz to grasshoppers

cause f'real here comes the realest, when I cock the manstoppers

I remember talkin to Big Poppa; he said "Foxxx, you the illest,"

(uhh) I make the realest nigga feel it

Got a little mob of niggaz I send to rob niggaz

Take all that fly jewelry, and give it to my moms

I keep the industry up in arms like Zack La Roche

cause they hate to see me comin, with this too black approach

Through the hardest time in hip-hop, I stayed afloat

So let me give the media some fly shit to quote

I'ma always be a nigga, lookin through your eyes

So nothin that you do to me should come as no surprise

I continue bein raw dog, puttin in work

I drown a bitch and get away, like my name was Captain Kirk

Motherfuckers wanna hear it raw, Bumpy make it hurt

Step on stage, rip the whole shit down and merc'

Chorus

[Freddie Foxxx]

What fucked you up is that I'm so nice and don't rehearse
On any record I'm the king of the third verse
It's +Strictly Business+, if it's +Personal+ I let you know
I hold your heart until the Lord tell me let you go
Don't need advice from no corny ass A&R that never filled a milk crate
with breakbeats, I keep it raw nigga straight street
To my comrades in L.A, L.A., L.A.
I still got the bulletproof - Pelle, Pelle, Pelle
Keep the music underground as I reiterate twice
Tell niggaz to they face, I thought you wasn't nice
Kick my ass? Nah, not likely; out mic me?
Not likely, stay on the sidelines like Spike Lee
Niggas know Bumpy like to flow all out
Microphone, gun in hands nigga, go all out
No exceptions to females I ride 'em giddyup
How bad I wanna fuck Brat, since she pushed them titties up
It's the underground sound that designs the street
Freddie Foxxx designed the rhyme, Premier designed the beat

Chorus

[scratches by DJ Premier]

"Bumpy Knucks."
"Niggaz can't see I."
"Fr-Fre-Fre, Freddie Foxxx with the twin millis" -> O.C.
"Bu-Bu, Buh-Bu, Bu, Bumpy Knucks."
"It's time for this real nigga shit."